M. QUAD'S HUMOR.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser Hold one of Their Interesting Domestic Talks.

The "Kicker's" Experiences—Carl Dunder Seeks Advice About His Wayward Boy.

The Lawn Mower Secures Another Victim and of Course Mrs. Bowser Encouraged it.

[Copyright, 1892, by Charles B. Lewis.]

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

"Did that lawn mower come up this afternoon?" asked Mr. Bowser, as he came home an hour ahead of time the other evening.

"Was that a lawn mower?" queried Mrs. Bowser in reply. "What on earth possessed you to buy such a thing?"

"For two very good reasons, Mrs. Bowser. I purpose to save about fifteen dollars on lawn mowing this summer, and I want the exercise. I could get a health lift, but I thought I would combine business with pleasure. Always kill two birds with one stone when chance offers. I'll work up a muscle in a couple of weeks to astonish you. The doctor says it's exactly what I need."

"But I wish you hadn't bought it."

"That's you to a dot! Always in opposition to everything I do! That's why we take so much comfort as a family! The only thing you wouldn't oppose is my dying!"

Mrs. Bowser had nothing more to say, and after dinner Mr. Bowser made ready for his exercise. He got into an old suit of clothes, dragged the lawn mower into the back yard and oiled it up, and was presently ready to make a start. He looked up at the back windows, and seeing nothing of Mrs. Bowser, he spat on his hands and said:

"Ha! This is what'll give a man muscle and appetite. Only cost nine dollars, and I'll get $100 benefit out of it. I suppose I might as well make a start."

"I'LL SLAUGHTER SOMEBODY!"

He made one. He had gone about ten feet when the machine suddenly stopped. So did Mr. Bowser. He stopped so suddenly that his feet left the ground and the handle of the mower just missed his chin on an upper cut.

"Struck a post, eh?" he muttered, as he investigated and found one rising about six inches out of the earth. "That's all right, however. I didn't expect to mow down posts as well as grass. Seems as if my muscle was working up a little already."

He dodged the post and headed for the back fence, and his countenance had just begun to beam again when there was a great clattering and the machine stopped.

"Oyster cans!" he growled, as he kicked two or three out of the grass. "She's probably watching me, and she's probably tickled half to death, but I'd mow this yard if it was full of deadly torpedoes."

He reached the fence without further mishap, leaving a trail behind him as crooked as a serpent's but at the first dash he made on his return journey something happened again. The machine stopped with a bump, and Mr. Bowser pitched forward over the handle and brought up in a heap on the ground.

"Now, I hope to never draw another breath if I don't slaughter somebody for this!" he yelled, as soon as he could get his breath.

He was going to jump up and kick somebody or something, but it occurred to him that Mrs. Bowser might be looking, and he sat up and looked around and pretended to be resting.

Nothing could be seen of Mrs. Bowser, however, and after a couple of minutes he got up and moistened his hands for a fresh start. Everything went as smooth as grease for the next twenty feet. Then the mower picked up a hundred feet of stovepipe wire and waited for results.

"That woman's hand again!" hoarsely whispered Mr. Bowser as he saw what was the matter; "but I wouldn't give in now if I knew that death wasn't two rods off!"

It took him ten minutes to clear away the wire. When this had been accomplished he pulled off his coat and vest, glanced up at all the back windows, and there was a dangerous light in his eye as he gripped the handle, drew a long breath and went ahead. At the fifth step Mr. Bowser's foot found a post hole, and followed it up until he fell forward on his stomach and plowed along the grass. His first thought was to get up and kick both line fences down and make a bonfire of the splinters, but as he slowly reached his feet a better idea occurred to him. He picked up the mower by the handle and raised it over his head and pounded the earth with it until nothing but the handle was left. Then he gathered up wheels, cogs, ratchets, flues, pulleys, cylinder heads and low water indicators and tossed them over the back fence and walked into the house. Mrs. Bowser sat reading and looking very innocent and humble, but he was not to be deceived. Standing before her in his sternest attitude he said:

"Mrs. Bowser, let me suggest an easier way!"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"To kill me off! If you are so bent and determined to get rid of me, why don't you poison my food or cut my throat when I'm asleep? No explanation—not a word! I understand the situation perfectly, and nothing you can say will excuse your dastardly machinations!"

"But didn't I say I was"——

"Never! Never said a word! That will do, Mrs. Bowser! We will not discuss the subject further. In the morning we will seek an amicable adjustment of difficulties, and I will go with you to the train. There are two trains a day by which you can reach your mother, and I will telegraph her of your coming. Our child will of course remain with me. Good night, Mrs. Bowser. Any suggestions you have to make had best be put in writing and submitted the first thing in the morning."

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

THE MULE RACE.—The great mule race which was advertised to come off last Saturday proved to be an exciting affair and the event of the season. It was a Lone Tree mule against the well known Cyclone against the well known Thunderbolt, owned by the editor of The Kicker. The stakes were $100 a side and the distance one mile. His honor the mayor (who is ourself) was present as a spectator. As the editor of a great family weekly it is not beneath our dignity to own the fastest mule in the county, but the foreman of our office had entire charge of the animal after reaching the race track. The Lone Tree contingent figured they had a sure thing of it, and when our mule came in three lengths ahead they made a dash to carry off the stakeholder. As editor of The Kicker we were interested to a considerable extent in a financial way, but as mayor of the town and the acknowledged head of law and order we sailed in on general principles and left ruin and desolation in our path. Only one of the crowd got away unhurt, and that was because he started early. A chap called "New Mexican Jim" was the leader of the Lone Tree gang. His honor didn't have hold of him over eighteen seconds, and yet the doctors say it will be three weeks before he is able to ride home. We are an up and up people in this town. Our mule always starts or we pay the forfeit. He also runs fair and for all there is in him. If he loses we make no kick. If he wins we want the long green and are bound to have it. It was a put up job to "do" us, but it didn't work. Even our contemporary, as mean a critter as he is, can't find nerve enough to sympathize with the Lone Tree crowd.

THE MANLY WAY.—Three weeks ago, in writing up some of the local characters of the town, we mentioned Colonel Dick White as one of the crowd who had been here too long for his health. Several shyster lawyers went to the colonel and encouraged him to bring a libel suit for heavy damages. He refused and sent us word to look out. We were ready in fifteen seconds after we got the message, but the colonel had to send his guns to the shop to be repaired, make his will and fix up other little matters. It was not until Monday that he got ready to go hunting. He posted himself in a modest and retiring position on an empty barrel in front of Henderson's grocery, and had been waiting fifteen minutes when we sauntered up to inquire the price of cucumbers. We saw the colonel and the cucumbers at the same instant, but he got the first shot, which ripped up the cotton on our right shoulder. We could have shot him dead, but we didn't do it. We simply shot his thumb off at the joint, and he went out of business after firing only the one shot. From the time he fired until we had him disarmed and he was begging our pardon was only eleven seconds, as counted by the grocer, who had his watch in his hand. As mayor of the town we shall sell the guns at public auction, as usual, and turn the money into the street improvement fund. We understand that the colonel left town last night for some point in Montana. While we firmly believe his going is a benefit to the community, we want to thank him

ONLY ELEVEN SECONDS.

for the manly way he set about getting even with us. Anybody can begin a libel suit, but it takes a manly sort of a man to go gunning for an editor who can shoot two handed and has had three or four days' warning of what is to come.

A MISSING LINK.—Last week there was a drove of Moquis Indian bucks and squaws in town to do trading, and a number of them were prowling about the yard in rear of The Kicker office. Nobody paid any especial attention to them, but next day news came in from Shack valley that about twenty of them were deathly sick, and it was supposed they had been poisoned by canned fruit bought in town. If there is any missing link in the case we think we can supply it. Our pressman had that morning been cutting the core out of a composition roller in order to cast another, and the Indians had discovered the strip and pieces and had appropriated them. Every one rode out of town chewing some of the stuff, which they thought was a soft snap of some sort, and it didn't exactly agree with 'em. They will probably get over the effects in time, but they won't have any further interest in a white man's printing shop.

CARL DUNDER.

Mr. Dunder entered the station house very softly the other afternoon and dropped into a chair without remark, and it was some time before the fat police sergeant looked up and discovered his presence and said:

"Well, you here again? You don't seem to be as tickled as you were the last time you came."

"Sergeant, I like some advice," replied Mr. Dunder. "I like some advice about my son Shake. You know Shake?"

"Yes. What's the matter with Jake?"

"I belief he vhas too flies, as you call him, und I like to ask you about him. Der odder day he calls me 'guferner,' and when I look at him he says: 'Oh, dot vhas all right, you know. Dot vhas like all der boys in dis country.' How vhas dot, sergeant? Does your boy call you 'guferner?'"

"Well, hardly!"

"Und ven he speaks mit his mudder he calls her, 'Your royal highness.' She can't make it oudt, und I can't make it oudt, und Shake says; 'Dot vhas all right, we vhas in America now.' Does your boy speak like dot to his mudder?"

"I never heard that he did."

ONE RIDE MIT A TOBOGGAN.

"Und his mudder finds some red und blue buttons mitout any eyes in 'em in Shake's pocket. Here vhas one. She asks him about 'em und he says it vhas a new inwention for oafercoat buttons. Did you efer see one before?"

"Yes, several times. Those are poker chips, Mr. Dunder."

"Und Shake vhas playing some poker?"

"Very likely."

"H'm! Here vhas a ticket we find in Shake's pocket too. Vhen I ask him about it he says it vhas good for one ride mit a toboggan, und dot all American boys vhas built dot vhay."

"Jake has been playing the races," replied the sergeant as he examined the ticket. "He got this ticket at a poolroom, and it seems that he played Lone Jack for first place."

"H'm! I begin to smell some rats! Sergeant, I like to ask you about a scrap iron match."

"Scrap iron match? I never heard of such a thing."

"Vhell, Shake goes to his mudder after supper and says he likes to get a dollar to go und see der boys put up deir dukes at a scrap iron match. She gifs him der money, but we can't make it oudt."

"Oh, I see! He meant a scrap—a boxing contest."

"Und he goes mit a prize fight, eh?"

"Very likely."

"H'm! More rats! Sergeant, how much vhas a dog license?"

"Two dollars a year."

"Only two dollars! Vhy, I sends Shake oafer mit seven dollar der odder day und he only brings back one. He He said it vhas six dollar for a big dog mit a stub tail. Here vhas a telegram from my brudder-in-law in Chicago, und I haf to pay two dollar on him. Shake paid der boy und I paid Shake. All he says in dot telegram is, 'Vhas dis hot enough for you?' I can't make it oudt."

"I think I can," replied the sergeant, after reading the message. "Jake wrote this himself and beat you out of two dollars."

"Vhas dot possible! Sergeant, vhas Shake doing shust like all American boys?"

"No."

"Dot vhas the vhay he always tells me, you know. If I shpeak to him he says: 'We vhas in America now, and if we doan' do like odder folks we vhas made fun of.' H'm I see! Vhell, I am going home."

"Yes."

"Dis eafning Shake vhill start oud mit his hat on his ear, und vhen I ask where he vhas going he vhill say, 'Guferner, I vhas shust like an American boy now, und I go oud to see some elephants.'"

"Yes."

"Und I vhill take dot young mans by der collar und say, 'My son, I vhas shust like an American fadder now, und I vhas onto you like a house!' Und den his heels vhill hit oop by der ceilings, und he vhill smash in der walls und doors, und vhen I let go of him he vhill be like some rags on a clothesline?"

"I wouldn't be too severe."

"Oh, no. I doan' kill him, but I vhas shust severe enough to shange him back from an American boy to a Sherman, und to make him so tired of dot races und toboggan und scrap iron und elephant dot he nefer goes any more. Dot vhas all, sergeant, I can't make her oudt before, but I see him now. Shake vhas shust like an American boy—I vhas shust like an American fadder! Keep quiet und see me later!"

M. QUAD.

Victory for Labouchere.

LONDON, July 29.—In the Old Bailey Police Court to-day, John James Gardner, who was under indictment for having conspired with Louis Leon Goldstein, alias Roberts, to defraud and assault a number of girls, was sentenced to six months imprisonment. This is a great triumph for Mr. Labouchere, proprietor of Truth, and the well known Radical M. P., who first exposed the methods of the prisoner in an article headed "The Stamford street road to ruin." The prisoners thereupon brought a criminal prosecution for libel against Mr. Labouchere, who defended himself so effectively that the police found it incumbent to prosecute his prosecutors. Several girls gave testimony both as to the way in which they were defrauded, and to acts of impropriety on the part of the prisoners. The victims were so numerous and the evidence so overwhelming that the prisoners could offer no substantial defence.

Manchester Ship Canal.

LONDON, July 29.—The directorate of the Manchester ship canal asks for £1,000,000 to complete the canal. They lament the increased cost of material, etc., necessitating the request for additional funds.

Farrer's New Field.

MONTREAL, July 30—It is reported that Edward Farrer, who has resigned as editor of the Globe, will come to Montreal and take a position on the Montreal Herald.

M. QUAD'S SKETCHES.

The Strange Adventures of an Old Fashioned Satchel—Death Called the Roll.

[Copyright, 1892 by Charles B. Lewis.]

In the month of March, 1865, which you will remember was only a few weeks before the close of the war, I was visiting an uncle who lived on a farm in Mitchell county, Indiana. On the 18th I went out for a squirrel hunt. It was about 11 o'clock in the morning when I shot my first squirrel, and as he fell from the limb he brought up among a mass of outcropping rock. In searching for him I found a satchel which had been placed between two bowlders so that it was securely hidden from anything except chance discovery. One might have stood within three feet of it and been none the wiser. I hauled the satchel out and found it to be one of old fashioned make, though entirely new. A bit of mildew had just begun to gather on the leather, and I judged from that that it had been there for a week or more. It was bulky enough to prove that its contents consisted of a suit of clothes, and I had no great curiosity concerning it. Indeed, I made further search and found the squirrel before I gave the satchel a second look.

At that time the county was overrun with tramps, but they were most numerous along the Ohio river, and the majority of them were thieves and robbers as well as public nuisances. As I returned to the satchel it struck me that no one would have entered that dense piece of woods to hide an outfit of clothing a mile from the highway, and I determined to inspect the contents. It was locked, but I used a stone to break it open, and the first glance jumped my heart into my throat. The satchel was full of crisp, new greenbacks in packages of $1,000 each. Even after I took one of the packages in my hand and carefully inspected the bills I was not quite sure whether I was awake or dreaming. There were packages of ones, twos, fives and tens, and every bill was fresh from the treasury at Washington. I hauled out one after another until I had counted twenty-seven. Each had a band around it, on which was stamped the amount—$1,000.

Experience will make a man cool in the face of danger, but one can't become experienced in finding treasure. I believe I was more rattled over that find than if I had met a highwayman and been held up for my all. I sat on a log with those twenty-seven packages piled up before me and shook like a man in a chill. It was fully ten minutes before I could realize the luck that had come my way. Without laying myself open to criticism I contend that I am an honest man. I have always paid 100 cents on the dollar of my indebtedness. In my time I have found and restored many lost articles which a dishonest man would have converted to his own use. I have been freely trusted with the money of private individuals and after serving five years as a county treasurer a committee examined my accounts to discover and report that the county was in my debt. I tell you these things in hopes to excuse myself for what followed the finding of the money.

From the moment I caught sight of the money I determined to keep it. We are all honest until tempted. Some of us can be bought for a few hundred dollars, others demand thousands. Replacing the money in the satchel I started for home. I didn't propose to share the secret of the find with any one, even if I shared the contents later on. I therefore made my way to the barn to put the satchel in a safe place. I was fully half an hour making up my mind where to deposit it. There were several tons of hay in the mow, and I finally climbed up and dug a hole in one corner and deposited my treasure. I moved at least half a ton of hay, and when I left the place I felt sure that it would take an all day search for any one to find the money.

My uncle subscribed to a Louisville daily paper and also to several weeklies. I was just recovering from a wound in the head received at Petersburg, and my eyes were weak. I had therefore done but very little reading. After dinner I got all the back numbers of the daily for ten or twelve days and sat down to see if I could strike anything regarding that money. As an old soldier I had spotted those packages at once. All of them were treasury notes and all had been put up for an army paymaster. In a paper dated nine days previous I found what I was feverishly searching for. It was a quarter of a column article detailing the facts of the robbery of an army paymaster at Madison, Ind. He was on his way down the Ohio by a passenger steamer, accompanied by his trusted assistant. At Madison, while the boat was taking on cargo, he went up town to visit an old friend, being gone about two hours. On his return he found that his assistant had robbed the safe of $60,000 and disappeared.

The article went on to say that every effort was being made to overhaul the robber, who was supposed to have worked single handed, and that all the chances were in favor of his capture. None of the subsequent issues contained news of his capture, however, and I may state here that he got safely away and probably landed somewhere in Europe. There was no question in my mind but that my $27,000 was a portion of that robbery. As I reasoned it out the paymaster's assistant had a confederate, and this money was his portion of the spoils, though not an even divide between them. The confederate may have been an employee of the boat or a resident of Madison. In either case he had taken his share and made off and hidden it in the woods to wait for the excitement to blow over.

As an honest man my duty was plain. That money ought to be restored to the government at once. I am obliged to inform the reader, however, that I was no longer an honest man. I had firmly decided to keep that money, and I could advance a dozen different excuses to quiet that still, small voice which is supposed to be ever ready to warn us of the error of our ways. On the third morning of my possession, while we were eating breakfast, my uncle mentioned the fact that a tramp had come along late in the evening, after I had gone to bed, and had been given shelter in the barn. He had, to my uncle's great surprise, got up and cleared out without asking for anything to eat. It struck me all of a sudden that the tramp had found and carried off my prize and, getting away from the table as soon as I could, I hurried to the barn to make an investigation. Everything on the haymow was as I had left it, but when I dug down in the corner it was to find my worst fears realized. The satchel and money were gone! I did not give up until I had hunted for an hour, and then I took a gun and set out over the highway in pursuit of the tramp, who had several hours the start of me.

The further adventures of the satchel covered a space of months. What induced the tramp to dig down in that corner of the haymow has always been a mystery to me. I have sometimes believed he must have been the robber's confederate and that he tracked me to the barn from the woods. He took the highway for Jasper, in a southwest direction, and by getting a lift with a teamster he made about twenty-five miles that first day. While he was dressed like a tramp the teamster was satisfied that he was not one. Perhaps the questions he asked frightened the man into doing what he did. After leaving the teamster he entered a country school house and hid the money in the garret. It was a one story structure, with a low garret reached by a scuttle in the ceiling. He was afterward seen on the highway several miles distant and then disappeared for good. At least no further trace of him was ever had. About three weeks after the money had been placed in the garret the chimney of the school house was struck by lightning and tumbled to the ground. A farmer who was also a bricklayer was employed to rebuild the chimney. In so doing he found the satchel and not one dollar of the money was missing. While I do not give you his name, I overhauled him in my search for the tramp and the treasure, and he gave me the particulars and I give them to you.

The farmer was also an honest man. He had the respect and confidence of every one who knew him. Yet he had no sooner realized the value of his find than he determined to keep every dollar of it for himself. He was a subscriber to a weekly paper, and he had seen nothing concerning the robbery of the paymaster. He knew very well, though, that it was a robbery of some sort, and he moved carefully. He decided not to let his wife know of the find, and the money was removed after dark to the granary in his barn. He had a lot of oats in one of the bins, and he hid the satchel under them. The possession of that treasure had made me almost ill. His possession of it made him quite so. Although in perfect health the day he found it, he had a chill and fever the next day and was obliged to go to bed. He got a little more nerve next day, but acted so queer that his wife wondered if he was not losing his mind. He didn't propose using a dollar of the money for several months, but once a day for the next week he went to the granary to see if it was safe.

He had in his employ a hired man named Oacar Davis. He was a rough and uneducated fellow about twenty-four years old. Davis must have had his curiosity aroused, and played the spy on the farmer in one of his excursions to the granary. On the eighth night of the farmer's possession of the treasure Davis left his bed at midnight, went to the barn and pried the lock off the granary door, and he soon had his hands on the satchel. I cannot say whether he was an honest man or not. If so, he no doubt argued as the farmer and I had done. He knew that his employer was a poor man, and it was easy for him to conclude that the treasure was a find. He picked up the satchel and walked off. In the morning when the farmer discovered his loss and followed him, he kept the trail through the town of Jasper and for five miles beyond. Then Davis seemed to have dropped suddenly out of sight.

As I told you before, the hired man was considered a stupid fellow, but he had a vein of cunning in his make up. It was dangerous for him to be carrying that large sum of money around the country. The farmer would be sure to follow him, and he would have to open the satchel at the order of any peace officer who might look upon him as a suspicious character. Five miles south of Jasper he turned to the west, traveled three miles and then turned to the north, thus doubling on his trail. That was how the pursuing farmer lost him. Davis wanted a hiding place for the satchel, and he found it where it had been hidden twice before—in a barn. It was an old, tumble down affair, however, in which even a tramp would not have sought shelter. Having put away the money he applied for work on the farm and secured it. There he remained for two months, and the money was never removed from the place he first hid it in. Davis now argued that he would be safe in making his way out of the country. He had formed his plans to go west. He bought a trunk in which to carry the money and his clothes, and the farmer for whom he had worked started to drive him to a small station on the railroad running from Mitchell to Vincennes.

Now occurred another change in the proprietorship of the money. They reached the station with only two or three minutes to spare. The trunk was checked all right, but in the hurry was not put aboard. This was at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The next train did not pass until about midnight. That evening while the depot agent was busy two tramps who had been hanging about stole the trunk and had been gone for two hours before he missed it. The fellows had no idea that it contained anything more valuable than a suit of clothes, as it was a small and cheap looking affair. They followed the railroad east, and about two miles from the station turned off into the woods to break open the trunk and possess themselves of its contents. In the darkness they could find nothing with which to break the lock, and as it was a warm night they agreed to sleep on the spot and get at the contents in the morning. In the night one of the pair, who gave the name of Short, got up, lifted the trunk on his shoulder, and took the railroad track and hastened away, determined to possess the whole boodle.

When morning came he was within a couple of miles of Salem and within four miles of my uncle's farm. He turned aside into a thicket and hid the trunk, and was about to enter a farmhouse to ask for food when a constable who was hunting for a tramp who had stolen something at Salem the night before arrested him. I was at Salem when he was brought in. I had seen the thief the day before, and could declare that Short was not the one. He was speedily set at liberty, and finding that he was penniless I paid for his breakfast and gave him a dollar to help him on his way. His arrest scared him a bit, and after pledging me to secrecy he told me about the trunk and located it. I drove out alone to get it, calculating to inform the railroad authorities. It was easily found, and that curiosity which gets the better of all of us at times impelled me to try some of my keys in the lock. The first one opened it, and as I pawed over the clothing my eyes lighted on those twenty-seven packages of crisp, new greenbacks. They were there without a break, not even a dollar bill having been extracted. At that time I couldn't figure out how the fortune had come back to me, and I sat there in the thicket for a good half hour before I could make a move.

What did I do with the money? I told you long ago that I was an honest man. I took the trunk to my uncle's house, told him and his wife the whole story, and then communicated with the federal authorities at Cincinnati. A United States marshal came down after the money. I only told him that I had found the treasure in the trunk. He took me by the hand and said I was an honest man and a credit to any community. The paymaster sent me a reward of $1,000, and with it a letter praising my honesty. The papers got hold of the item, and in my old scrapbook I have a dozen notices declaring that I was one man out of 10,000—one of the most honest, conscientious men in the whole state of Indiana.

DEATH CALLED THE ROLL.

He had been lying very quiet for a long time, and the nurse at his bedside dozed and nodded—struggled to keep awake, and finally slept in her chair. Then a Shadow stole into the room and stood by the bedside and whispered:

"Right dress! Back on the left! Front!"

The sergeant opened his eyes and looked about him in wonder. His hair was thin and gray, his face pale and wasted, and death had set its mark upon his brow.

"Attention to roll call!" continued the Shadow. "Adams, Ansil, Artman, Averill, Allport, Amsden"——

"They do not answer," said the sergeant as the Shadow paused.

"They can answer no more on earth! They were buried in the trenches at Manassas. Barnard, Baxter, Bebee, Burton, Bloom, Bailey"——

"I do not hear their voices," said the sergeant.

"Their lives went out when McClellan turned at bay at Malvern Hill. They died as heroes die. Carter, Curtiss, Claxton, Coleman, Caniff, Campbell"——

"Does any one answer for them?" asked the sergeant.

"Aye! I do!" replied the Shadow. "I saw them laid in the shallow trenches at Antietam after the roar of battle had ceased and the cries of the wounded had been hushed. They were following Hooker's flag when they fell. Davis, Denton, Danforth, Dougherty, Donohue, Dillingham"——

"Absent without leave?" queried the sergeant.

"No! Absent forever! They crossed at Fredericksburg, and their dead bodies lay nearest the terrible stone wall at the base of Mayre's hill. They could not win victory, but they could die. Enright, Eberman, Eckliff, Epstein, Engleman, Eckart"——

"They may be on guard," said the sergeant, as he listened in vain for sound of their voices.

"Then the dead guard the dead," replied the Shadow. "I saw them lying stark and dead under the trees at Chancellorsville, left to be buried by the victorious enemy. Faber, Fenton, Foster, Franklin, Fitch, Fitzwilliams"——

"They may have been detailed for special duty," suggested the old soldier.

"Their duty ended at Gettysburg. I saw them lying dead after the Virginians had been driven back and thousands were shouting victory. Gray, Gorman, Gobel, Gosport, Gansel, Green"——

"Where?" asked the sergeant.

"In the thickets of the sombre wilderness, where 10,000 men died without seeing an enemy. When night came the songs of the whippoorwills were heard above the plaints of the wounded. Hall, Harmon, Hennessy, Hill, Hilton, Hurlburt"——

"And these too?"

"Aye! every one of them. They were left behind. Ingalls, Irving, Isham, Imrie, Isabel, Ingersoll"——

"Ah! I remember!" whispered the sergeant. "They fell as they guarded the trenches at Petersburg. I myself helped to bury them."

"James, Jenkins, Jordan, Joplin, Jolly, Justin"——

"Dead at Appomattox!"

"Larkins, Lampton, Larry, Lennox, Levering, Loring"——

"Call no more! Only when the angel calls the roll of the dead at the last great day will the dust make answer. I alone am left of my company!"

The old sergeant fell back upon his pillow with a moan, and before his dim vision the spectres of the dead seemed to form in line and await his order.

"Sergeant Grim! called the Shadow.

The nurse awoke with a shiver and cried out:

"Who has called him? He is dead!"

"It was I," said the Shadow. "He was the last on the muster roll, and I can call no more."

"And you—you"——

"I am the Shadow of Death!"

M. QUAD.

CROFTER SENTIMENT.

The Northwestern Communities Wish to Have an Extension of their Claims.

(Special to The COLONIST).

OTTAWA, July 29.—Hon. D. Ferguson and Father Burke, of Prince Edward Island, passed through here *en route* home from the Northwest. Father Burke, who visited the Catholic Crofters' settlement at Moosomin, was delegated by the Crofter settlers to present a petition asking in view of late legislation there be granted them, with other original settlers, the right to take second homesteads; that the Government endeavor to secure for them land adjacent to that they now occupy, and thus enable them to have their farms compact.

BELGRADE, July 28.—The Mallissor tribe of Kossovo, numbering 15,000 men, well supplied with rifles, have invested the town of Jakovo, in Albania. A large Turkish force has been sent to suppress the rising.

IN USE 100 YEARS.
THE
POOR MAN'S FRIEND
Dr. Roberts' OINTMENT

SKIN DISEASES. THE VALUABLE OINTMENT (as originally prepared by G. L. ROBERTS, M.D.) is confidently recommended as an unfailing remedy for Wounds of every description, Chilblains, Scorbutic Eruptions, Burns, Sore and Inflamed Eyes, Eczema, &c.

Dr. ROBERTS' ALTERATIVE PILLS FOR THE BLOOD and SKIN.

SKIN DISEASES. They are useful in Scrofula Scrobutic Complaints, Glandular Swellings, particularly those of the neck; they are very effectual in the cure of that form of skin disease which shows itself in painful cracks in the skin of the hands and in all scaly diseases.

They may be taken at all times without confinement or change of diet.

Sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 11s. and 22s. each, by the Proprietors, Bridport, England. my20

EDUCATION OFFICE,
Victoria, 26th April, 1892.

WHEREAS, the Council of Public Instruction is empowered, under the "Public School Act," to create School Districts, in addition to those already existing, and to define the boundaries thereof, and from time to time to alter the boundaries of existing Districts; it is hereby notified that the Council has been pleased to create the following tract of land to be a School District, under the title of "Galiano School District:"

All that tract of land known as Galiano Island.

Also, that the Council has been pleased to create the following tract of land to be a School District, under the title of "North Vesuvius School District:"

All that portion of Salt Spring Island lying north of the boundary line between Sections 11 and 12, extended westward and eastward to the sea-shore.

Also, that the Council has been pleased to alter and re-define the boundaries of Mayne Island School District, as follows:

All that tract of land known as Mayne Island.

Also, that the Council has been pleased to alter and re-define the boundaries of Vesuvius School District, as follows:

All that portion of Salt Spring Island lying between the Northern boundary of Burgoyne Bay School District and the southern boundary of North Vesuvius School District.

S. D. POPE, Secretary, Council of Public Instruction. my20-wkly

One or more Surgeons of
National Surgical Institute
NO. 319 BUSHST., SAN FRANCISCO,
WILL BE AT
Oriental Hotel, Victoria,
MAY 14 & 16,
To examine cases for treatment by this Institute, which is devoted to treating
Deformities of Children, Diseases of the Spine, Hip and Knee Joints, Paralysis, Piles, Fistula, Catarrh and Chronic Diseases.

REFERENCES—Governor E. P. Ferry, Olympia; John P. Hoyt, Associate Justice of Supreme Court, 602 Fourth St., Seattle; Wm. McKeon, Oriental Hotel, Victoria; Ben. E. Snipes, Banker, Seattle. my6

Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.
THE ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE

Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne, that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was literally untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—*Times*, July 13, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE IS THE BEST AND MOST CERTAIN REMEDY IN COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, &c.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE—The Right Hon. Earl RUSSELL communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in Cholera was Chlorodyne.—*See Lancet*, Dec. 31, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course it would not be thus singularly popular did it not "supply a want and fill a place."—*Medical Times*, Jan. 12, 1865.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a certain cure for Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Colics, &c.

CAUTION—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne," on the stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each bottle. Sole manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Great Russell St., London. Sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. 6m

INVERTAVISH NURSERY.
G. A. McTAVISH, Proprietor.
—IF YOU WANT—
Seeds, Plants, Shrubs, Trees
Or any other Garden Requisites, send for my Catalogue.
We have the LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE ESTABLISHMENT on the Pacific Coast.
HEALTHY PLANTS,
FRESH SEEDS,
FINE TREES.
Everything of the Best. Remember the Address,
G. A. McTAVISH,
13-w Invertavish Nursery, Victoria, B.C.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.
se13-1y-w